



®

SPAWN®

image

19

OCT

DIGITAL
EDITION



image COMICS PRESENTS:

"SHOWTIME"

PART 1



story
TOM ORZECOWSKI
ANDREW GROSSBERG

pencils
GREG CAPULLO

inks
MARK PENNINGTON

copy editor & letters
TOM ORZECOWSKI

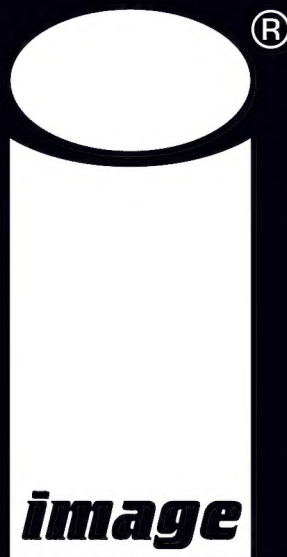
color
STEVE OLIFF
and **OLYOPTICS**

Dedicated to:
CHRIS CLAREMONT

FOR IMAGE COMICS
LARRY MARDER - exec. director TONY LOBITO - publisher

SPAWN #19. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS P.O. Box 25468 Anaheim, CA 92825. Spawn®, its logo and its symbol are Registered Trademarks 1994 of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are Trademark™ and Copyright© 1994 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All Rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane.

Director Of Creative Development: **TERRY FITZGERALD.**
Graphics Coordinator: **JULIA SIMMONS.**



SUNDAY

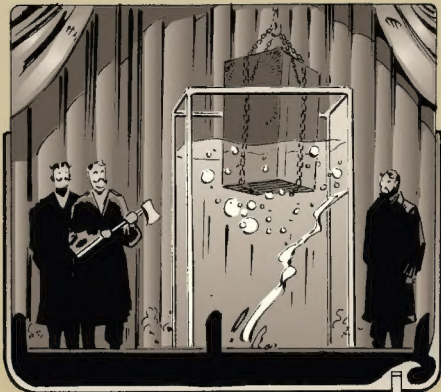
★ INDEPENDENT ★

LOS ANGELES

FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 5 1916

HOUDINI ASTOUNDS CAPACITY AND DEFIES 10 HANDCUFFS & STRAITJACKET CONCERNED POLICE ATTENTION



A BUNKER UNDER
NAGASAKI, JAPAN.
AUGUST 9, 1945.

THE WAR IS NEARLY LOST.
WITH ALL OTHER OPTIONS
EXHAUSTED, THERE IS ONE
TACTIC YET UNTRIED.

MEN OF INFLUENCE FROM
RELIGION, BUSINESS AND
THE MILITARY FOCUS THEIR
ENERGIES TO GAIN AID
FROM THE ARMY OF A
DIFFERENT EMPEROR...



... ONE OF
DARKNESS.

ELSEWHEN/WHERE...

QUICK! I
THINK SOME-
THING'S ABOUT
TO COME
THROUGH!



YOU'LL
BE GLAD I
FOUND THIS
WINDOW.
% ^ 2 !

"THEY'VE DONE IT! THEY'VE

"WE'RE DEFINITELY
REGISTERING INFERNAL
MATTER, SIR."

"A PITY THERE WASN'T THE TIME TO
SET UP ANY CONTROLS, OR SUFFICIENT
MEASUREMENT SCHEMES. WE ARE
FORTUNATE THAT YOU DISCOVERED
THIS EVENT WINDOW AT ALL."

"NOW, THE BOMB. I AM GLAD THESE
EARTHIANs FOUND A SECOND ONE
NECESSARY."

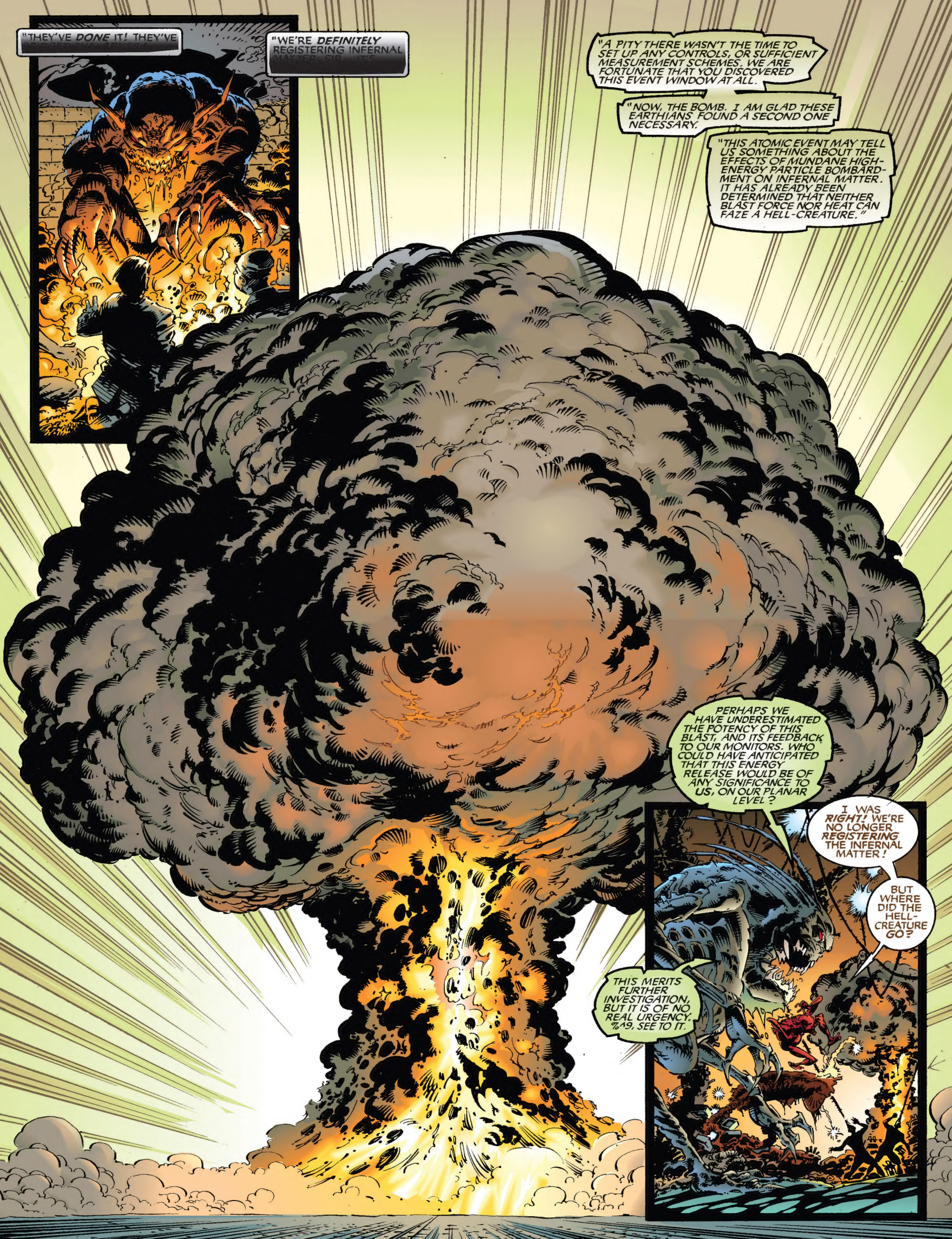
"THIS ATOMIC EVENT MAY TELL
US SOMETHING ABOUT THE
EFFECTS OF MUNDANE HIGH-
ENERGY PARTICLE BOMBARD-
MENT ON INFERNAL MATTER.
IT HAS ALREADY BEEN
DETERMINED THAT NEITHER
BLAST FORCE NOR HEAT CAN
FAZE A HELL-CREATURE."

PERHAPS WE
HAVE UNDERESTIMATED
THE POTENCY OF THIS
BLAST, AND ITS FEEDBACK
TO OUR MONITORS. WHO
COULD HAVE ANTICIPATED
THAT THIS ENERGY
RELEASE WOULD BE OF
ANY SIGNIFICANCE TO
US, ON OUR PLANAR
LEVEL?

I WAS
RIGHT! WE'RE
NO LONGER
REGISTERING
THE INFERNAL
MATTER!

BUT
WHERE
DID THE
HELL-
CREATURE
GO?

THIS MERITS
FURTHER
INVESTIGATION,
BUT IT IS OF NO
REAL URGENCY.
%49. SEE TO IT.



SOMEWHERE IN
THE SOVIET UNION,
SEVERAL YEARS
AGO...

"STEADY."

"CLOSER,
THERE'S
YOUSEF
VOLOKHOV."

"INHALE."

"HOLD IT."

JUST
SQUEEZE...

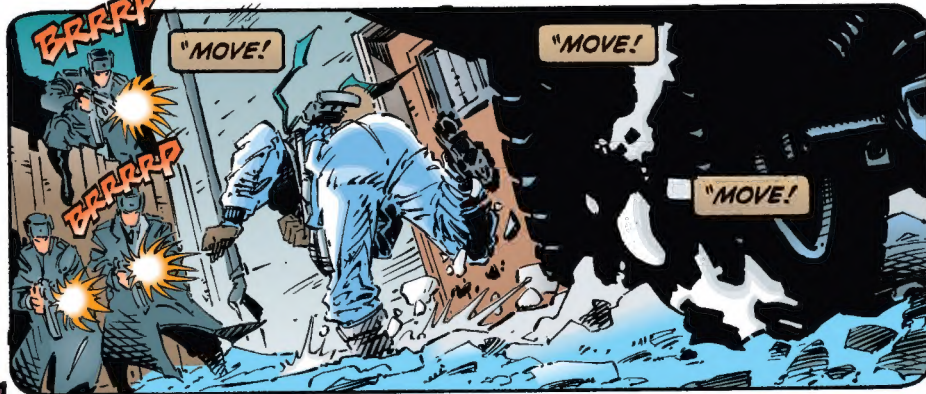
BUT
INSTEAD...

...THERE'S NO TIME TO
MAKE THE SHOT.

JEE-ZUS!

MOVE IT,
SIMMONS!

SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK





RAARH!!

BUT IT WAS
JUST A PILE OF
RAGS! BUMS
DON'T DRESS IN
THOSE
COLORS!

o
GOD

o
GOD

o
GOD

o
GOD

o
GOD

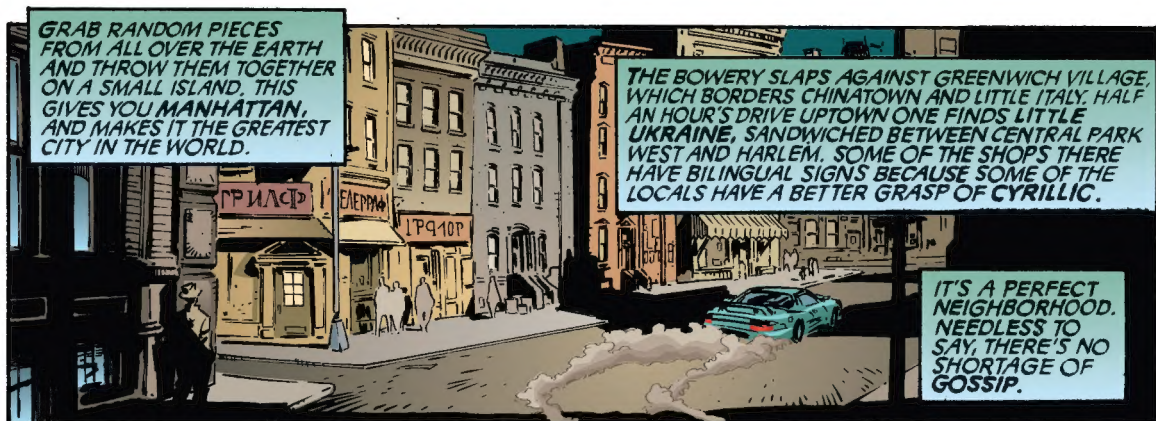
**YOU'RE
MEAT!**

ULGK!

WE NEED
TO TALK,
HELL'S-PAWN.

I CAN'T
LET HIM
GET AWAY!
HE BLEW
ME UP!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT. I
SNARED HIS WALLET,
AND WE CAN FIND HIM
LATER. FOR NOW, WE
HAVE MORE PRESSING
MATTERS TO
DISCUSS.



GRAB RANDOM PIECES FROM ALL OVER THE EARTH AND THROW THEM TOGETHER ON A SMALL ISLAND. THIS GIVES YOU MANHATTAN, AND MAKES IT THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

THE BOWERY SLAPS AGAINST GREENWICH VILLAGE, WHICH BORDERS CHINATOWN AND LITTLE ITALY. HALF AN HOUR'S DRIVE UPTOWN ONE FINDS LITTLE UKRAINE, SANDWICHED BETWEEN CENTRAL PARK WEST AND HARLEM. SOME OF THE SHOPS THERE HAVE BILINGUAL SIGNS BECAUSE SOME OF THE LOCALS HAVE A BETTER GRASP OF CYRILLIC.

IT'S A PERFECT NEIGHBORHOOD. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF GOSSIP.



TOPIC THIS EARLY MORNING: PORSCHE MacNEILL.

< HERE COMES THAT LAZY KID AGAIN. * >

< TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD. BIG SHOT HAS HIS OWN APARTMENT DOWNTOWN, BUT STILL HE BRINGS HIS DIRTY SOCKS HOME TO MOMMA. >

< WHEN I WAS HIS AGE, I STAYED AROUND AND SUPPORTED MY MOTHER AND FAMILY. >

< NO RESPECT FOR ANYONE, THAT KID. >

*TRANSLATED FROM UKRAINIAN.



< THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS, YOU MARRY OUT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. YOUR CHILDREN ARE BUMS. >

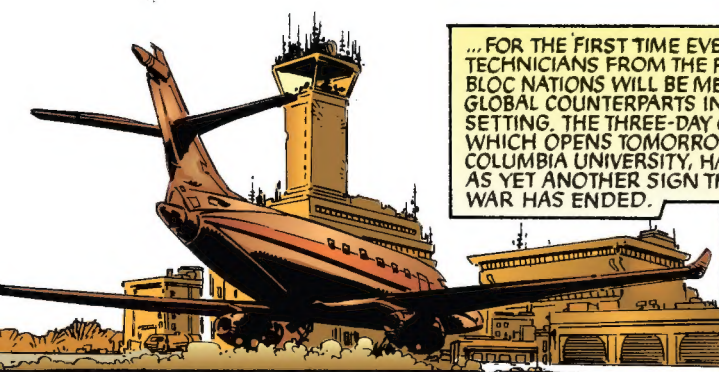
< FEH, THAT SCOT. >

< AT LEAST THE KID HAS A GOOD JOB, IN ELECTRONICS. >



< AND SPEAKING OF JOBS... >

< ...I'D BETTER BE GETTING TO THE AIRPORT. AN OLD FRIEND CALLED TO SAY THAT HE'S COMING IN, AND HIS LUGGAGE NEEDS SPECIAL CARE. >

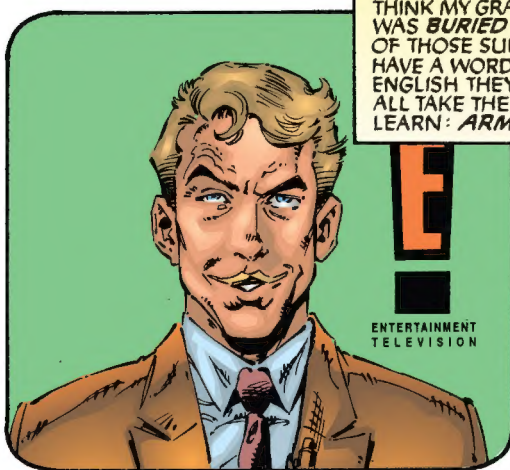


...FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, NUCLEAR TECHNICIANS FROM THE FORMER SOVIET BLOC NATIONS WILL BE MEETING WITH THEIR GLOBAL COUNTERPARTS IN AN INFORMAL SETTING. THE THREE-DAY CONFERENCE, WHICH OPENS TOMORROW AT NEW YORK'S COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, HAS BEEN HAILED AS YET ANOTHER SIGN THAT THE COLD WAR HAS ENDED.



CNN

...AND IF YOU ASK ME, POLITICAL AND FINANCIAL ISSUES ASIDE, THESE GENTLEMEN NEED SOME *SERIOUS* FASHION ADVICE. FIRST TIME TO TOWN, FARMBOYS? I THINK MY GRANDFATHER WAS *BURIED* IN ONE OF THOSE SUITS. I HAVE A WORD OF ENGLISH THEY SHOULD ALL TAKE THE TIME TO LEARN: *ARMANI!*

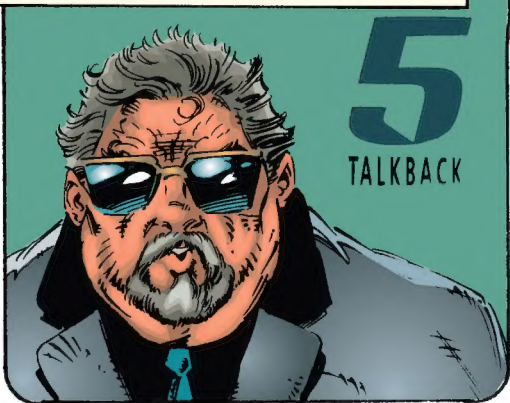


E!

ENTERTAINMENT TELEVISION



...SO WHY IS IT THAT THESE GUYS FLEW *SIX THOUSAND MILES* TO BE TALKING ABOUT *A-BOMBS*? WE'RE NEVER GONNA *USE* THE DAMN THINGS. THIS IS ALL *PHOTO-OPPORTUNITY!* THE RANK AND FILE FOLKS OF THE UKRAINE ARE UP AGAINST OPPRESSIVE *UNEMPLOYMENT* AND HORRIBLE *INFLATION*. WHAT'S WORSE, THEY HAVE A RAMPANT PLAGUE OF *GANGSTER* ACTIVITY! WHY TALK ABOUT NUKES WHEN YOUR COUNTRY'S COURTING CERTAIN ECONOMIC *COLLAPSE*? IF THEY HAD ANY SENSE THEY'D *KEEP ON* SELLING US THEIR BOMBS INSTEAD OF SENDING THESE USELESS *HAS-BEENS* TO TALK ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS. MAKES ME MISS THE COLD WAR. GET A NEW LIFE, GUYS.



5
TALKBACK

HAULING LUGGAGE. ALWAYS LUGGAGE. THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO, ANDREI ZLENKO LEFT HIS UKRAINIAN HOMETOWN ON A TEMPORARY VISA, CARRYING WHAT LITTLE HE OWNED IN SHABBY SUITCASES. EVERY DAY, AT HIS JOB, HE IS REMINDED OF THAT EVENT. HE WONDERS IF HE WILL STILL BE CARRYING LUGGAGE IN THE AFTERLIFE.

AT THE TIME HE LEFT, HE'D HAD NO INTENTION OF RETURNING TO THE OLD COUNTRY. NOW, HE SOMETIMES FINDS HIMSELF LOOKING WHISTFULLY BACK ON THOSE SIMPLER DAYS...UNTIL HE REMEMBERS THE SECRET POLICE.

THAT MEMORY HAS BECOME MORE VIVID JUST NOW. HE RECOGNIZES THE CHEAP LUGGAGE, THE NAMES OF THE RUSSIAN CITIES ON THE TRAVEL STICKERS... AND THE WATCHFUL EYES. HIS OLD NEIGHBOR YOUSEF'S CONSPICUOUSLY STURDY CARRYING CASE SLIDES INTO VIEW.

THE UNIFORM OF HIS OVERSEER IS DIFFERENT, YET STILL A UNIFORM. DAMNED THUGS. A MAN CAN RISK ALL TO TRANSPORT HIMSELF TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD...

... AND THE WORST OF THE OLD LIFE CAN FIND A WAY TO FOLLOW.

INSPECTED BY
UNITED STATES
CUSTOMS

NO MATTER. THE OVERSEER IS JUST A FORMALITY. YOUSEF IS AN OLD FRIEND, AND THAT FRIENDSHIP IS WORTH AT LEAST THIS SMALL FAVOR.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. IT IS LATE ON A SATURDAY EVENING, THE SECOND DAY OF THE "EAST-WEST ATOMIC WARFARE, SCIENCE AND APPLICATIONS CONFERENCE."

SEVERAL SPEAKERS FROM THE EASTERN BLOC DECIDE TO SAMPLE THE REAL AMERICA-- ONE THAT DECADES OF SOVIET PROPOGANDA HAD BURNED INTO THEIR MINDS.

FAR FROM A WARNING, IT HAS BECOME A BEACON-- AN IDEAL.

<GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE ARRIVED.*>

<A TRULY MAGNIFICENT RESULT OF A FREE SOCIETY.>

<A TRULY MAGNIFICENT RESULT OF BREEDING, TOO.>

<LET US GO INSIDE AND DRINK.>

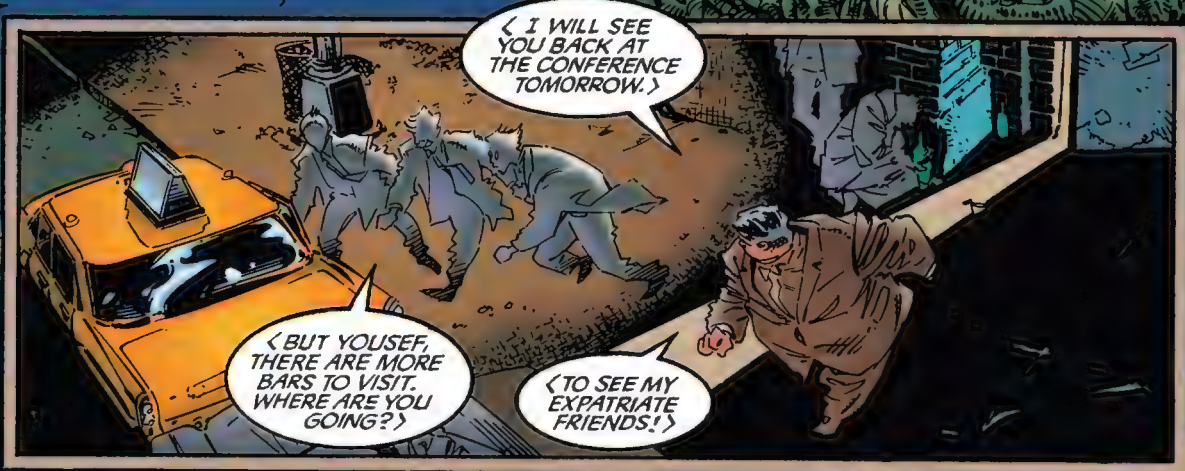
*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.

<YOU KNOW, IT IS SUCH A SHAME THAT OUR SCIENCE WILL NEVER BE PUT TO PRACTICAL USE.>

<YES, OURS IS A DYING PROFESSION. WHAT GOOD IS IT TO KNOW HOW TO DESTROY THE EARTH, IF WE NEVER GET THE CHANCE?>

<I DON'T KNOW. PERHAPS THERE WILL YET BE A USE FOR OUR KNOWLEDGE. CHEER UP.>



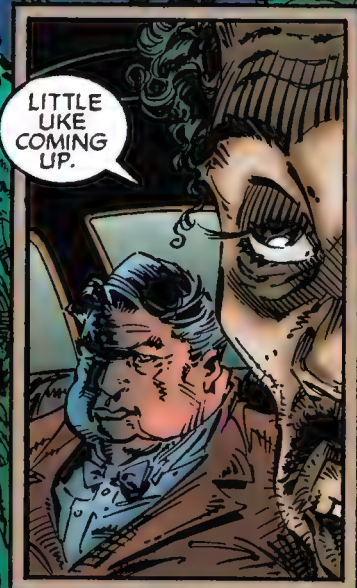


< I WILL SEE YOU BACK AT THE CONFERENCE TOMORROW. >

< BUT YOUSEF, THERE ARE MORE BARS TO VISIT. WHERE ARE YOU GOING? >

< TO SEE MY EXPATRIATE FRIENDS! >

ELSEWHEN/WHERE:



LITTLE UKE COMING UP.

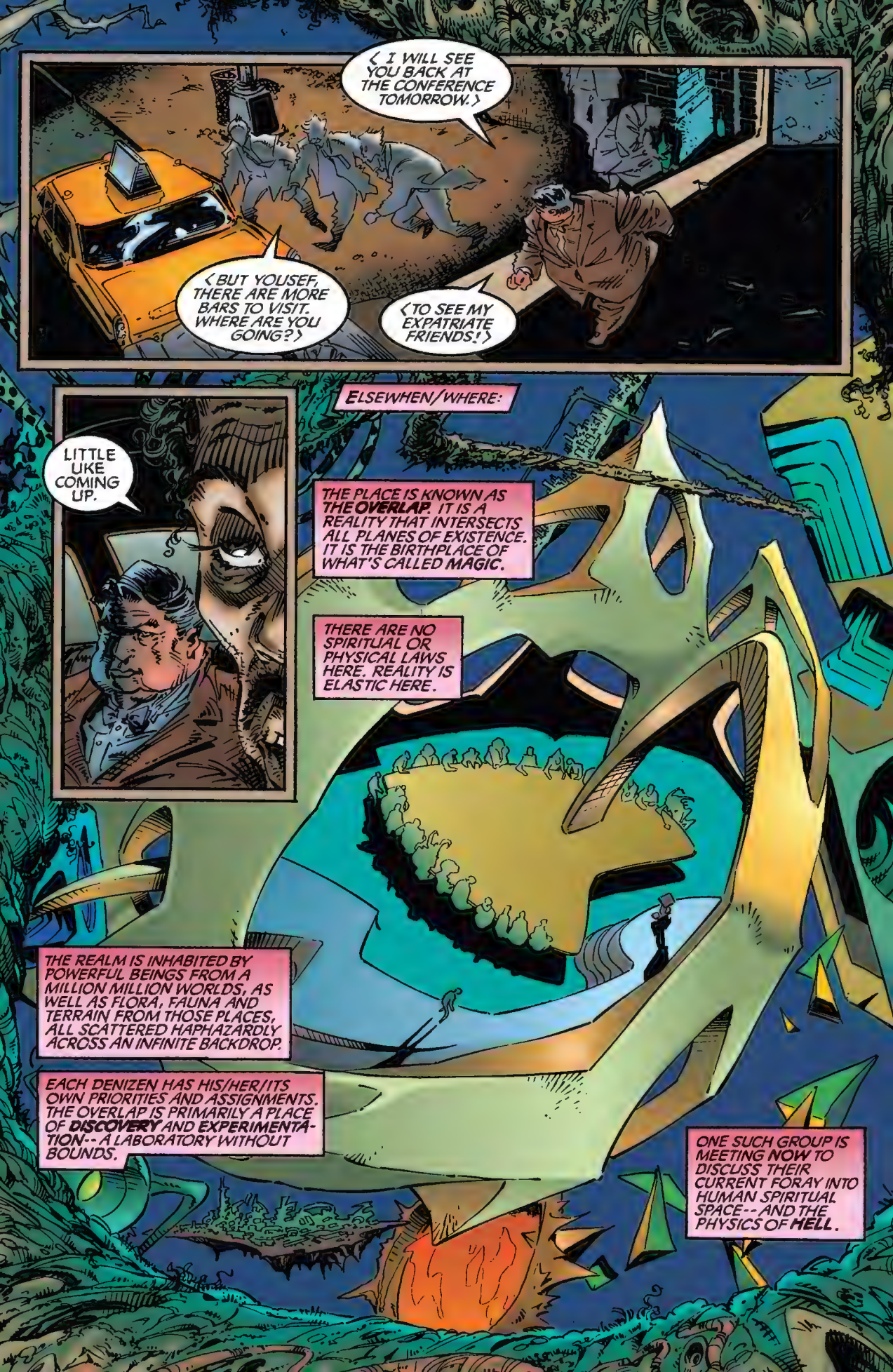
THE PLACE IS KNOWN AS **THE OVERLAP**. IT IS A REALITY THAT INTERSECTS ALL PLANES OF EXISTENCE. IT IS THE BIRTHPLACE OF WHAT'S CALLED MAGIC.

THERE ARE NO SPIRITUAL OR PHYSICAL LAWS HERE. REALITY IS ELASTIC HERE.

THE REALM IS INHABITED BY POWERFUL BEINGS FROM A MILLION MILLION WORLDS, AS WELL AS FLORA, FAUNA AND TERRAIN FROM THOSE PLACES, ALL SCATTERED HAPHAZARDLY ACROSS AN INFINITE BACKDROP.

EACH DENIZEN HAS HIS/HER/ITS OWN PRIORITIES AND ASSIGNMENTS. THE OVERLAP IS PRIMARILY A PLACE OF **DISCOVERY** AND EXPERIMENTATION-- A LABORATORY WITHOUT BOUNDS.

ONE SUCH GROUP IS MEETING NOW TO DISCUSS THEIR CURRENT FORAY INTO HUMAN SPIRITUAL SPACE-- AND THE PHYSICS OF HELL.



THANKS FOR COMING.
I COULDN'T BE MORE
EXCITED, NOW THAT
THINGS ARE MOVING!

I'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON
THOSE EARTHIANs AND THEIR **ATOMIC**
FETISH-- AND THEY HAVEN'T ALL **KILLED**
EACH OTHER YET! SO, I'VE MANAGED
TO PUSH THINGS IN A DIRECTION
THAT'LL GIVE US SOME **ANSWERS**
SOON.

OUR LAST SURVEY--WHERE A
HELL-CREATURE WAS BLOWN UP--
WAS A **BUST**, BUT THAT'S OKAY.
WE WEREN'T PREPARED FOR THAT
EVENT THE WAY WE ARE NOW.

THIS TIME, I PLUGGED A **THOUGHT-
PROGRAM** INTO A SCIENTIST THERE.
HE'LL DETONATE AN ATOM BOMB
AT A PRE-SET TIME. A DEMON, THE
LATEST HELL'S-PAWN WILL BE
NEAR GROUND ZERO.

WE'VE PLACED AN **AGENT** THERE
WHO'LL MAKE SURE THAT THE
CREATURE'S **IN PLACE**. WE KNOW
THE STRENGTH OF THE BLAST, SO
WE'VE TAKEN **VIEWING**
PRECAUTIONS.

SO NOW--OUR
CONCLUSIVE TEST TO
DETERMINE IF **ATOMICS**
CAN **KILL** DEMONS, AND IN
THE PROCESS **SCATTER**
THEIR **INFERNAL** MATTER!

AND THE BEST
PART IS, THAT
PERSNICKETY PEST
HOUDINI IS THE
AGENT ON THE
SCENE! WE CLEAR
UP TWO PROBLEMS
AT **ONCE**!

AM I
GOOD,
OR
WHAT?

I TRUST THAT THE PEST WILL VERIFY THE
NATURE OF THE HELL-CREATURE'S
POWERS AND TEMPERMENT **FIRST**.
THAT WILL BE USEFUL INFORMATION
SHOULD WE DECIDE TO WORK ON
HELL IN THE FUTURE. THE PLACE
IS RIFE FOR MANIPULATION.

HOUDINI IS USING ONE OF OUR PORTAL
DEVICES. I TOLD HIM IT IS MORE EFFICIENT A
TRANSPORT THAN MEDITATION, OR WHATEVER
HIS USUAL METHOD. IN HIS CONFUSION OVER
THE FAILURE OF OUR DEVICE, HE WILL NOT
HAVE TIME TO ADJUST TO HIS NORMAL
MODE OF TRANSFER, AND WILL PERISH.

BRILLIANT!

Hmm... BUT
HE ALWAYS
ESCAPES...



LITTLE
UKRAINE,
TOWARD
MIDNIGHT.



EXCUSE ME,
PLEASE...
ANDREI
ZLENKO
IS...?

Huh?



I LOOK FOR
ANDREI
ZLENKO.

Oh, YEAH.
TRY SOI. BUT
IT'S PAST THE
OLD MAN'S
BEDTIME,
I THINK.

NO
MANNERS.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, HALF AN HOUR LATER...



I GOTTA GET OUTTA THIS
RUT. MY LIFE, IN THREE WORDS,
WOULD BE: BORING. UNDER-
TASKED. ASSISTANT MANAGER.

MAKE THAT
FOUR WORDS.



LUU-CY! I'M
HO-OME!

FOR ONCE,
IT'S A GOOD
THING THE
CLEANING
SERVICE
IS ON
STRIKE.



... SO CHECK THIS OUT:
LAST NIGHT I SET OFF
ANOTHER ONE OF MY
BEAUTS. BUT SOME DUDE
CHASED ME. HE WAS ALL
ON FIRE AN' SCREAMIN'!
IT WAS COOL!

I BET
YOU WET
YOUR PANTS,
BUDDY.

NOT EVEN! BUT
WHATEVER IT TAKES,
I'LL GET RID OF
THOSE BUMS BY
MY PLACE.

WHAT ABOUT
THE BUMS BY YOUR
MA'S PLACE? THAT'S
WHERE YOU HANG OUT
ALL THE TIME!

BITE ME.
ANYWAY, I
GOTTA GET BACK TO
WORK HERE. THIS NEXT
ONE IS GONNA
BE BRIGHT.

THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO BELIEVE YOU'RE HARRY HOUDINI.

WELL... YOU'RE A DEMON FROM HELL...!

AREN'T YOU DEAD OR SOMETHING?

AREN'T YOU?

I GET YOUR POINT. BUT THIS IS PRETTY HARD TO BELIEVE...

WHICH PART? THAT I'M A DIMENSION-TRAVELLING HYPER-MAGE TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN MY STAGE ACT LET ON, OR THAT YOU'RE AN INVULNERABLE, ULTRA-STRONG, HORRIBLE PUPPET OF HELL?

BOTH, I GUESS.

HOWEVER, I DIDN'T COME HERE TO DISCUSS OUR MUTUALLY UNBELIEVABLE CONDITIONS... I'M HERE TO SPEAK ABOUT YOU, HELL'S-PAWN... AND ABOUT YOUR POWERS.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY POWERS? YOU'RE JUST AN ESCAPE ARTIST.

JUST AN ESCAPE ARTIST? JUST AN ESCAPE ARTIST?! ARE YOU AWARE OF HOW MANY YEARS I'VE SPENT, NON-MAGICAL, GRUELING YEARS, LEARNING TO BE JUST AN ESCAPE ARTIST?!

GOOD-- I'VE TWEAKED HIS CURIOSITY.

AS IT TURNED OUT, THOSE LEVELS OF CONCENTRATION LED TO MY ACCIDENTAL EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL DISCOVERIES... THINGS BEYOND HOCUS-POCUS AND MERE SPIRITUALISM.

NOW I KNOW MAGIC. REAL MAGIC.

SO WHAT DID YOU SEE? AN ILLUSION? A SMOKE PELLET? TELEPORTATION?

THAT WAS MAGIC-- THAT I MOVED FROM POINT "A" TO POINT "B" IN A NON-MUNDANE MANNER. IT WAS THE RESULT, NOT THE METHOD THAT MATTERED.

DOES IT MATTER?

MAGIC IS ABOUT PERCEPTION AND THE WILL'S ABILITY TO ALTER THAT PERCEPTION, USING ENERGIES GATHERED FROM BEYOND THIS WORLD.

MAGIC IS LIKE TELLING A LIE SO CONVINCING THAT EVEN THE *UNIVERSE* BELIEVES YOU! AND *YOU*, MY FRIEND, ARE A CREATURE OF MAGIC, ALBEIT OF FINITE POWER. HOWEVER, YOU NEEDN'T EXHAUST *YOUR* POWER...

... THAT SYMBIOTIC COSTUME CAN DO MUCH OF YOUR WORK FOR YOU.

GOOD GOD! QUICK--
BEHIND YOU!

KLSSSKKKKKK

YOU SEE?
WITH ONLY A THOUGHT, YOUR *SUIT* ATTACKS FOR YOU. IT EXPENDS *ITS* ENERGY, NOT *YOURS*.

SKRAK!

NOW, IN THE CASE OF THIS *BOMB*...

... THE SUIT APPRECIATED THE THREAT AND ACTED TO KEEP YOU FROM HARM, WITHOUT YOUR CONSCIOUS DIRECTION. *YOUR* ENERGY EXPENDITURE? NONE.

AND THERE'S MORE.

YOUR MOST IMPORTANT POWER, AS A CREATURE OF SORCERY, IS **MANIFESTATION**. WITH A CLEAR HEAD AND A STRONG WILL YOU CAN CAUSE YOUR COSTUME TO MAKE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING, PROVIDED YOU UNDERSTAND ITS ESSENCE...

...ITS SIZE, THE WEIGHT, THE COLOR-- THAT SORT OF THING.

FOR EXAMPLE, THINK OF SOMETHING SMALL, LIKE A **MARBLE**.

YOU KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE, LOOKS LIKE AND ALL. NOW FEEL YOUR DESIRE FOR SUCCESS FADE TO **SURENESS**. YOU **WILL** SUCCEED. LET THIS WILLPOWER ACTIVATE YOUR COSTUME. REACH OUT... THE MOLECULES ARE FLOATING FREE... GRAB THEM... THINK MARBLE ...GO ON...

...**MAKE ONE!**

A MARBLE...

OKAY...

Shoop

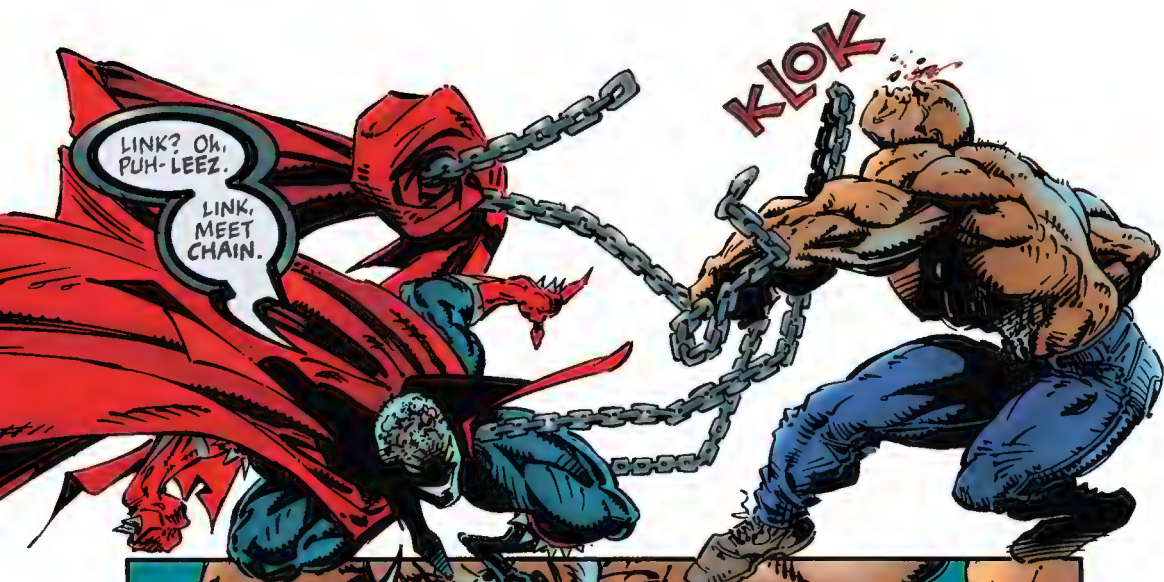
PRETTY CLOSE... WE'LL TRY AGAIN...

LOOKIE HERE, FELLAS! WE GOT US A REG-U-LAR **CIRCUS** ON OUR ROOF!

BRAINS, DIVVY... YOU AN' ME, WE TAKE THE RICH GUY IN THE TUX. LINK, TAKE THE GEEK.

YEAH... heh heh... YOU SAID IT, SMOKEY!

YEAH... heh heh. COME AN' GET ME.





WHAT THE
DEVIL CAME
OVER YOU?! YOU
MUTILATED THOSE
KIDS!

NOTHING
OF THE
SORT.

IT WAS
A VISIBLE
ILLUSION BASED
ON THEIR LUDICROUS
NICKNAMES. THEY'LL
SNAP OUT OF
IT SOON.

WHEREAS YOU, MY
FRIEND, WERE POSITIVELY
BRUTAL.

YOUR POWERS...

YEAH, MY
POWERS. HOW IS IT
THAT YOU AND EVERYONE
ELSE I MEET KNOWS SO
MUCH ABOUT ME-- AND
I KNOW SQUAT?

YOU'D KNOW
MORE ABOUT
YOURSELF IF YOU'D
TRY SOMETHING **NEW**
EVERY NOW AND
AGAIN.

YOUR
ABILITIES ARE
VAST, YET YOU'RE
STILL THINKING
LIKE A **MORTAL**.

WHAT ARE
YOU THEN,
HOTSHOT?

YES! I'VE
GOT HIM! UNLIKE YOU,
I'M JUST HUMAN.
WHEN AND
WHERE I COME FROM, I PLAY
THE ESCAPE ARTIST. PART OF
MY TIME, THOUGH, IS SPENT
IN THE HEART OF MAGIC, **THE
OVERLAP**, WHERE I'M A
PRANKSTER, AN ANNOYANCE.
FOR YOU, I'M THE TICKET
TO **KNOWLEDGE**.

AND SPEAKING OF
TICKETS... I'M
TAKING YOU TO A
SHOW BEYOND
YOUR WILDEST
DREAMS.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
EAST-WEST
ATOMIC WAR/CONF
SCIENCE & AERONAUTICS
CONFERENCE
GENERAL ADMISSION
THREE DAY
ALL THREE
DAYS
GENERAL
SEATING
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
PRESENTS
THE EAST-WEST
ATOMIC WAR/CONF
SCIENCE & AERONAUTICS
CONFERENCE
GENERAL ADMISSION
THREE DAY
ALL THREE
DAYS
GENERAL
SEATING

FIRST THOUGH, YOU'LL NEED
TO BE LESS CONSPICUOUS. PUT
THIS ON, AND TONE THAT
COSTUME DOWN, THERE'S
A GOOD FELLOW.

EVER
DRIVEN
A **ROLLS**
BEFORE?

AT THAT
MOMENT,
THREE
STORIES
BELOW...

...SPLATTER
'EM ALL
WITH
PAINT...

...WHY DON'T
THOSE
CREEPS JUST
TAKE THE
HINT AND
LEAVE?

STICK
AROUND,
MY BOY,
AND SOON
YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO DO
THIS WITH
A FLICK OF THE
WRIST--

AND THEN,
BELOW...

IT'S THAT
DAMN KID
AGAIN!

ANNOYING
WHELP.

THIS
TIME,
HE'S
TOAST!

RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU, HELL'S-
PAWN.

I'M
GONNA
NAIL THAT
PUNK TO THE
WALL WITH
HIS OWN
BONES!

I'M
GONNA...
**I'M
GONNA**
...!

DRIVE.

QUEENS, NEW YORK-- THE HOME OF SPAWN'S WIDOW, WANDA BLAKE, HER HUSBAND, TERRY FITZGERALD, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, CYAN.

A BLISSFUL SUBURBAN SUNDAY MORNING, JUST MINUTES PAST FIVE...



Huh--
→ COUGH →
HELLO--
YEAH, PERCY,
WHAT THE HECK--
NOW?! YEAH...

WHY
COULDN'T
THE K.G.B.
HANDLE THIS?...
Oh, THEY
COULDN'T
HANDLE
IT. SO...

YES, I'VE GOT
ALPHA-FIVE-ALPHA
CLEARANCE...
YOU'RE SERIOUS?

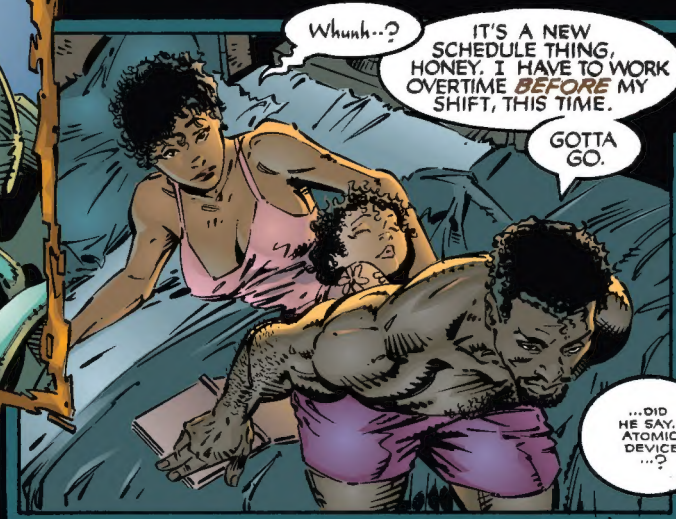
THREE GUYS CAME BACK, ONE GUY AT LARGE, SO
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? DO YOU SERIOUSLY THINK
ANYONE WOULD BE ABLE TO SMUGGLE IN
AN **ATOMIC DEVICE?**...

YEAH, THE CUSTOMS CREW AT JFK
AREN'T ALL THEY COULD BE... SO WHAT DO
YOU WANT **ME** TO DO ABOUT IT?! PERCY. C'MON,
MY JOB IS TO **READ RUSSIAN**, NOT
SPEAK IT!...

DAMMIT,
PERCY, I'M
NO FIELD
AGENT!... Oh,
NOW I **AM?**
YOU DON'T
PAY ME FOR
THAT!

ALL RIGHT
—sigh—
GIVE ME AN
HOUR--
BUT YOU
EXPLAIN
IT TO MY
WIFE.

SAME
TO YOU
BYE.



...DID
HE SAY...
ATOMIC
DEVICE
...?



IN TWO WEEKS: **ATOMIC DEVICE!**



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE